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MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS
COLOSSUS
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# MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS™

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*Stan Lee Presents:*

## COLOSSUS "GOD'S COUNTRY" ..... 1

WRITER — Ann Nocenti
PENCILER — Rick Leonardi
INKER — P. Craig Russell
LETTERER — Ken Lopez
COLORIST — Gregory Wright

"THE SECRET IS THERE'S NO SECRET" — PART 5 of 8
While staying with a family preparing itself for an impending cold war, Colossus encounters the same super-soldiers who attacked him earlier. This time around, they have added a woman to their ranks, and they've got deadly intentions.

## BLACK PANTHER "PANTHER'S QUEST" ..... 9

WRITER — Don McGregor
PENCILER — Gene Colan
INKER — Tom Palmer
LETTERER — Joe Rosen
COLORIST — Glynis Oliver

"FORGOTTEN CORPSES" — PART 2 OF 25
The Black Panther has stalked the night shadows of a black township in South Africa. He has come on a personal quest to find the mother he has never known, to meet a man who has sworn he has proof that she is *still alive*. Unfortunately, the Panther is not the only one who stalks the night.

## SPEEDBALL "THE FEATHERED FELON" ..... 17

PLOT — Steve Ditko
SCRIPT — Jo Duffy
PENCILER — Steve Ditko
INKER — Steve Ditko
LETTERER — Jack Morelli
COLORIST — Tom Vincent

"THE FEATHERED FELON"
While working part-time after school at the Hammond Laboratories, Robbie Baldwin was accidently exposed to energy from another dimension. Now, whenever Rob hits anything too hard, that energy erupts from within his body, transforming him into the bizarre, rebounding figure we call. . .SPEEDBALL, THE MASKED MARVEL.

## NOMAD "ANGEL IN THE SNOW" ..... 25

WRITER — Fabian Nicieza
PENCILER — Larry Alexander
INKER — Carl Potts
LETTERER — Ken Lopez
COLORIST — Ripley Sue Thornhill

"ANGEL IN THE SNOW"
Jack Monroe is a product of a 1950's super-soldier experiment gone wrong. Can he learn to be a hero in today's troubled times?

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COLOSSUS
AMERICAN PIE, PART V
THE SECRET IS THERE'S NO SECRET
BAM

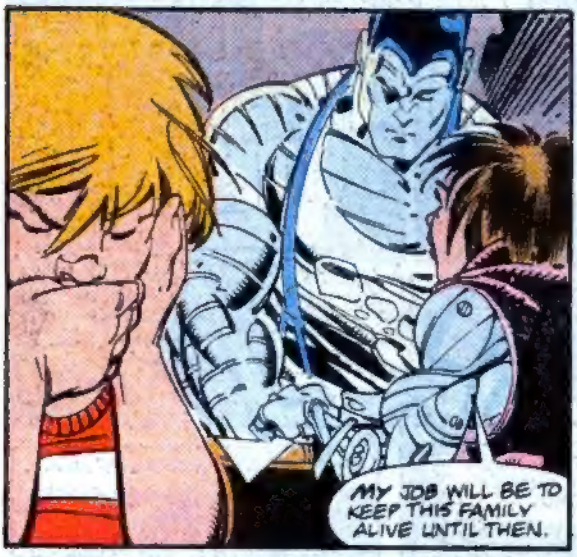
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
T-THANK YOU.
GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS INSIDE!
STOP HIM!
GET BACK! TAKE COVER!
OH, GOD!
KRASH
IT'S OKAY, RUSSKIE. THEY'RE TAKING OFF.
WE MUST SEE TO YOUR BRUISES.
NO... PLEASE, THANK YOU.
I'M ALL RIGHT, REALLY. I AM CALLED NUMBER SIX.
AND I'M A MEMBER OF A TEAM OF SUPER-SOLDIERS. WE'RE CALLED THE COLD WARRIORS.

WE'VE ALL SACRIFICED OUR NATURAL SELVES TO BECOME BETTER FIGURES.
MY BODY IS SO LACED WITH METAL THAT I BARELY FEEL ANYMORE.
I MAY LOOK LIKE A WOMAN, BUT THERE'S NOTHING SOFT OR GENTLE ABOUT ME ANYMORE.
ANYWAY, THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW. OUR MISSION WAS TO FIGHT A COLD WAR.
BUT OPERATION COLD WAR IS SO SECRET, THE C.I.A. NO LONGER KNOWS OF ITS EXISTENCE.
WE'RE SO FAR OUT ON A LIMB, THE "TREE" FORGOT WE EXISTED.
WE WERE TO KEEP AMERICA FREE OF TERRORISTS-- IN SECRET, AWAY FROM THE MEDIA.
AMERICANS DON'T EVEN KNOW THE U.S. IS FULL OF FANATICS. OUR JOB WAS TO KEEP THEM OBLIVIOUS.
OUR LEADER HAS AN UNNATURAL FEAR OF THE PRESS... SO I WANTED TO LEAK MY STORY TO THEM OR ALERT CENTRAL ABOUT THE RENEGADE GROUP.
I'M SORRY. IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHEN THE THINGS YOU FIGHT FOR GO SOUR.
I SHOULD HAVE QUIT A LONG TIME AGO. YOU SAW A SECRET MURDER. MY GROUP WILL KILL YOU FOR THAT.
FOR THE CAUSE...
... SO HARD TO KNOW...
...WHEN YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR...
... FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN...
EASY NOW.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.

...AND I KNOW ABOUT SACRIFICING WHAT'S GOOD AND GENTLE ABOUT YOURSELF JUST TO BE A GOOD SOLDIER.
THANK YOU, FOR SAVING MY FAMILY...
...I'M SORRY IT TOOK ME SO LONG TO SAY THAT.
SOMETHIN' MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS GOIN' ON UP THERE.
SECRETS. THAT'S WHAT IT IS.
DARK AN' DIRTY SECRETS.
ALWAYS KNEW BRUCE AN' ROXANNE WERE HIDIN' SOMETHIN!
SECRETS ALWAYS COME OUT. YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM 'EM.
'SPECIALLY FAMILY SECRETS HID AWAY IN THE SHADOWS.
SECRETS FESTERIN' AND BREWIN' FOR YEARS...
LIES. THAT'S WHAT A COVERT OPERATION IS ALL ABOUT.
SO MUCH IS CLASSIFIED, IT BECOMES EASY TO HIDE THINGS BEHIND THE LIE.
MY ORGANIZATION IS LIKE A TUMOROUS GROWTH CAUSED BY THE DISEASE OF SECRECY.
PROBLEM IS YOU CAN'T CURE THIS DISEASE BY REPORTING IT TO THE POLICE. IT'S TOO SUBTLE FOR THAT. TOO CLEVER.

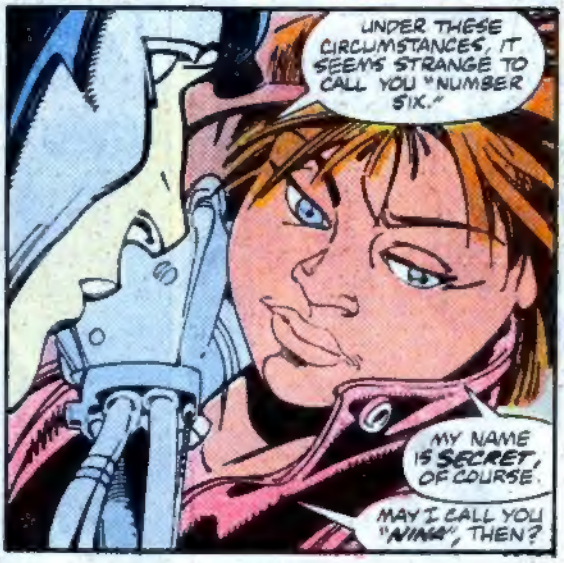
WE'VE GOT TO BRING ALEXANDER DOWN. PREVENT HIM FROM MAKING HIS "CLEAN-UP" PHONE CALLS.
"CLEAN UP"?
PULLING STRINGS TIED TO HIGH PLACES.
ALSO A NICE LITTLE EUPHEMISM FOR KILLING.

PETER, YOU'VE GOT ABOUT FIVE HOURS TO DEFEAT THE COLD WARRIORS.
ARMY BASE
RR STATION
WITH ALL THE SECRETS I'VE TOLD YOU, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET PAST THEIR DEFENSES AND GRAB ALEXANDER HERE AT THIS RAILROAD STATION.

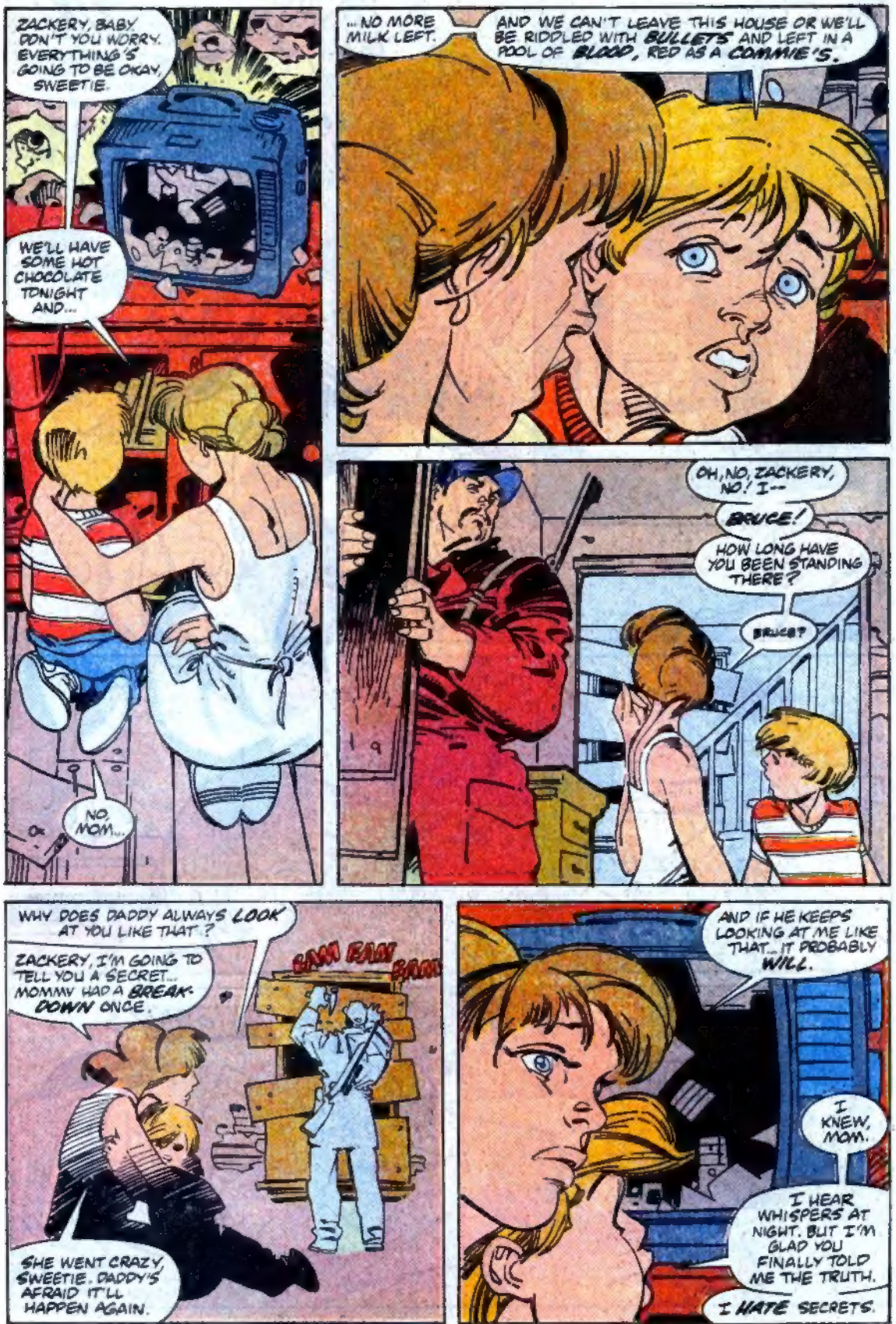

MY JOB WILL BE TO KEEP THIS FAMILY ALIVE UNTIL THEN.

FIVE HOURS FROM NOW--IF MY CONNECTION DOES HIS JOB--THIS PLACE WILL BE SWARMING WITH REPORTERS AND NETWORK CAMERAS.

IT'S UP TO YOU AND ME TO MAKE SURE IT'S NOT DEAD BODIES THEY'RE FILMING.
ANY QUESTIONS?
AN ODD ONE, PERHAPS. COULD YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME?

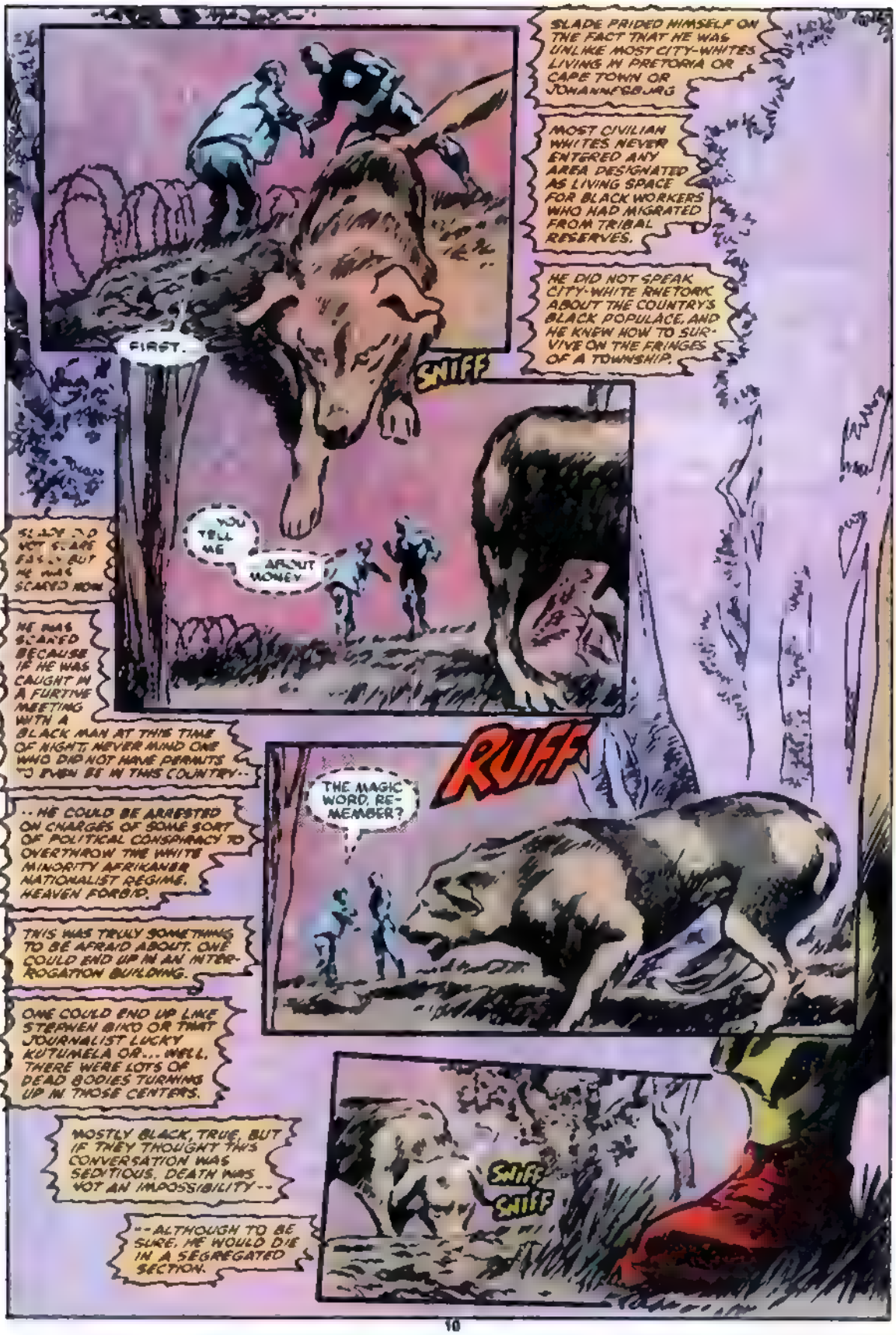

UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT SEEMS STRANGE TO CALL YOU "NUMBER SIX."
MY NAME IS SECRET, OF COURSE.
MAY I CALL YOU "NINA", THEN?

"OKAY...
"YOU KNOW, I FEEL LIKE I'M FINALLY COMING IN OUT OF THE COLD.
"YOU BETTER GET TO THE RAILROAD STATION, PETER. FIVE HOURS ISN'T A LONG TIME...
"...BUT IT'S ALL WE'VE GOT."
SO DARK... IN SHADOWS.
CAN I TRUST "NINA"? ALL THIS TALK OF SECRETS AND LIES...
...HOW IS ONE TO KNOW WHAT IS TRUTH AND WHAT IS NOT.
AH! THE ELECTRONIC LOCK HIDDEN IN THE FUSE BOX JUST AS SHE SAID.
PRESS IN THE CODE...
...AND THE COLD WARRIORS AWAIT.
WHHHRRRR


ZACKERY, BABY DON'T YOU WORRY. EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE OKAY, SWEETIE.
WE'LL HAVE SOME HOT CHOCOLATE TONIGHT AND...
NO, MOM...
...NO MORE MILK LEFT.
AND WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE OR WE'LL BE RIDDLED WITH BULLETS AND LEFT IN A POOL OF BLOOD, RED AS A COMMIE'S.
OH, NO, ZACKERY, NO! I--
BRUCE!
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN STANDING THERE?
BRUCE?
WHY DOES DADDY ALWAYS LOOK AT YOU LIKE THAT?
ZACKERY, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A SECRET... MOMMY HAD A BREAK-DOWN ONCE.
BAM BAM BAM
SHE WENT CRAZY, SWEETIE. DADDY'S AFRAID IT'LL HAPPEN AGAIN.
AND IF HE KEEPS LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT... IT PROBABLY WILL.
I KNEW, MOM.
I HEAR WHISPERS AT NIGHT. BUT I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY TOLD ME THE TRUTH.
I HATE SECRETS.

"SECRETS HURT PEOPLE."
NO SIGN OF THEM. BUT THEY HAVE TO BE HERE.
...DID NINA TRICK ME?
RGH
AR
THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, STEEL MAN.
ALEXANDER DOESN'T WANT YOU BUTTING IN ANY MORE!
ZATT
CRACK
OH, ZACK, I PROMISE... NO MORE SECRETS.
MOM!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

PANTHER'S QUEST
PART 1
STARRING THE BLACK PANTHER
FORGOTTEN CORPSES
I, as a Christian, have always felt that there is one thing above all about "apartheid" or "separate development" that is unforgivable. It seems utterly indifferent to the suffering of individual persons, who lose their land, their homes, their jobs, in pursuit of what surely is the most terrible dream in the world."
—Albert Luthuli, 1960 Nobel Peace Prize winner.
PATRICK SLADE HAS LIVED WITH BANTUS ZULUS KHOSA, INDIANS, ASIANS COLOREDS YOU NAME THE GROUP, IF THEY LIVED IN SOUTH AFRICA HE HAD SOLD, BOUGHT OR TRADED WITH THEM MOST OF HIS LIFE
SHUT-UP, POOCH!
ARF!
FOOL MUTT'LL GET US ALL KILLED!
HIS MOTHER WAS AFRIKANER AND HIS FATHER NORTHERN IRISH
--AND THE OTHER CONSTANT REFRAIN IN HIS LIFE WAS THAT OF HIS MOTHER TRYING TO GET HIS OLD MAN TO JOIN THE DUTCH REFORM CHURCH.
TELL ME
ABOUT
MY MOTHER.
THEY ARGUED ABOUT RELIGION UNTIL DEATH PARTED THEM

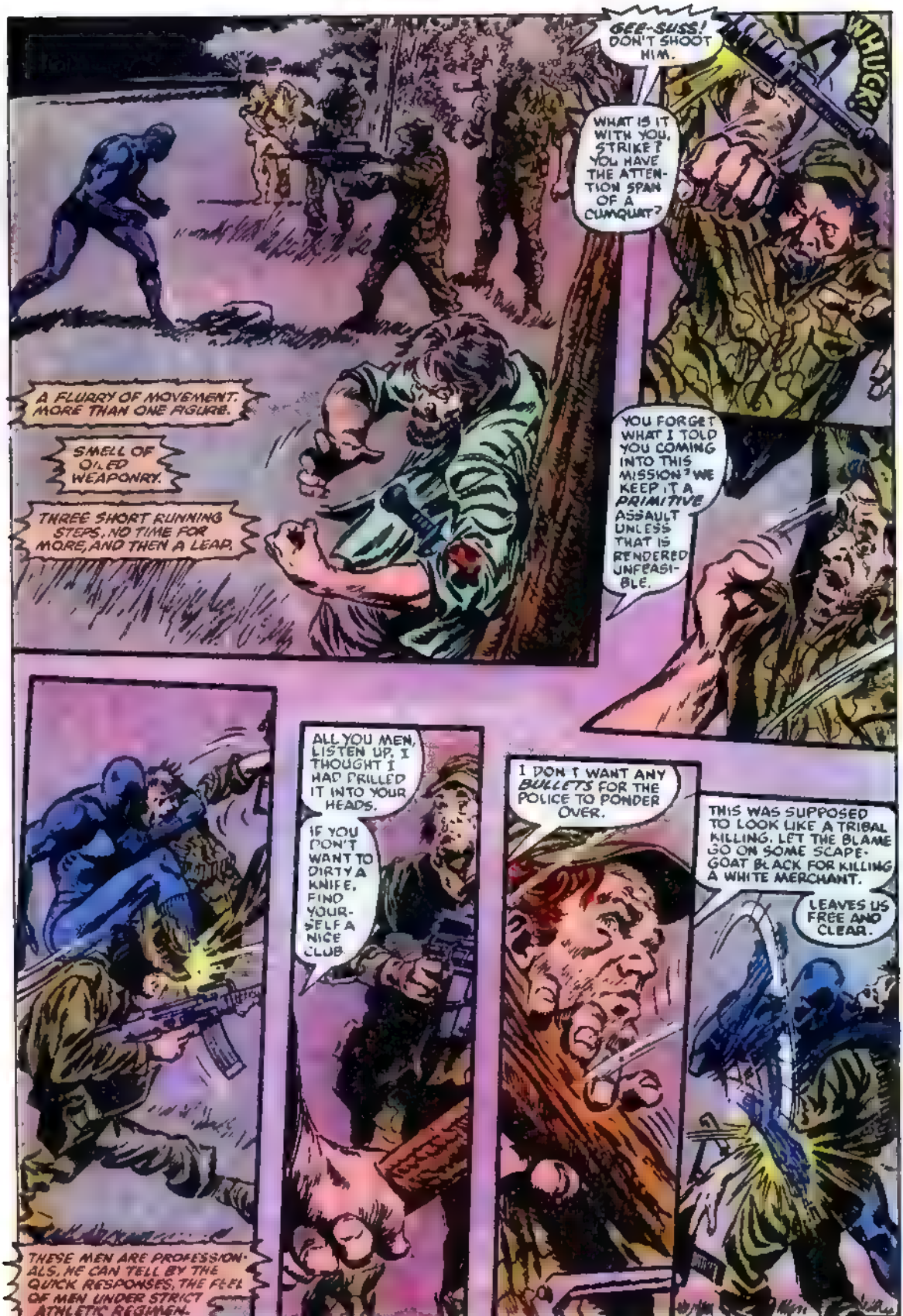

SLADE PRIDED HIMSELF ON THE FACT THAT HE WAS UNLIKE MOST CITY-WHITES LIVING IN PRETORIA OR CAPE TOWN OR JOHANNESBURG
MOST CIVILIAN WHITES NEVER ENTERED ANY AREA DESIGNATED AS LIVING SPACE FOR BLACK WORKERS WHO HAD MIGRATED FROM TRIBAL RESERVES.
HE DID NOT SPEAK CITY-WHITE RHETORIC ABOUT THE COUNTRY'S BLACK POPULACE, AND HE KNEW HOW TO SURVIVE ON THE FRINGES OF A TOWNSHIP.
FIRST..
SNIFF
YOU TELL ME
ABOUT MONEY
SLADE DID NOT SCARE EASILY BUT HE WAS SCARED NOW.
HE WAS SCARED BECAUSE IF HE WAS CAUGHT IN A FURTIVE MEETING WITH A BLACK MAN AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, NEVER MIND ONE WHO DID NOT HAVE PERMITS TO EVEN BE IN THIS COUNTRY--
..HE COULD BE ARRESTED ON CHARGES OF SOME SORT OF POLITICAL CONSPIRACY TO OVERTHROW THE WHITE MINORITY AFRIKANER NATIONALIST REGIME. HEAVEN FORBID.
THIS WAS TRULY SOMETHING TO BE AFRAID ABOUT. ONE COULD END UP IN AN INTERROGATION BUILDING.
ONE COULD END UP LIKE STEPHEN BIKO OR THAT JOURNALIST LUCKY KUTUMELA OR... WELL, THERE WERE LOTS OF DEAD BODIES TURNING UP IN THOSE CENTERS.
MOSTLY BLACK, TRUE, BUT IF THEY THOUGHT THIS CONVERSATION WAS SEDITIOUS, DEATH WAS NOT AN IMPOSSIBILITY--
--ALTHOUGH TO BE SURE, HE WOULD DIE IN A SEGREGATED SECTION.
RUFF
THE MAGIC WORD, REMEMBER?
SNIFF
SNIFF

PATRICK SLADE DID NOT WANT TO BE ADDED TO THE LIST OF DEAD BODIES
HE ALSO DID NOT WANT TO BECOME A DESTRUCTIVE FORCE. DESTRUCTIVE PEOPLE WERE PLACED UNDER SURVEILLANCE AND WERE NOT ALLOWED TO JUST BEAT TO DEATH
HE WAS ALSO AFRAID OF THIS MAN BEFORE HIM. A QUIET INTENSITY BURNING IN THE MAN LIKE FIRE IN A JEWEL
QUITE COMPELLING, ACTUALLY.
YET DEEP IN THAT FIRE THERE WAS SOMETHING CALMING ABOUT THIS AS WELL.
WHAT WAS IT? AN AURA OF SELF ASSURANCE?
HEY
YES, AND SELF-RELIANCE
AND SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING HE HADN'T FELT VERY FEW TIMES IN THE PRESENCE OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING AN UNDENIABLE QUALITY AND DECENCY
CAN'T AFFORD MUCH OF THAT IN THE SELLING AND TRADING BUSINESS.
I'M ASKING YOU ABOUT MONEY
GRRR
SLADE FEELS HE IS REASONABLY GOOD AT JUDGING PEOPLE. THIS IS NOT A MAN TO BE TRIFLED WITH.
AND THEREFORE, PATRICK SLADE IS AFRAID--
--BUT BECAUSE HE SENSES MONEY, BIG MONEY, HE IS CONFIDENT HE IS HIDING HIS FEAR QUITE WELL.
DID YOU STOP LISTENING?

NO. BUT YOU HAVE YET TO SAY ANYTHING WORTH LISTENING TO
I HAVE BROKEN LAWS -- GRANTED LAWS I DO NOT AGREE WITH.. BUT EVEN INTERNATIONAL LAWS OF ENTRY WHICH I DO RECOGNIZE
--AND IF YOU HAVE GOTTEN ME HERE UNDER FALSE PRETENSES...
YOU WILL-- -REGRET IT
WOULD I WASTE YOUR TIME? WOULD I RISK BOTH OUR NECKS? NOT LIKELY
I'LL GIVE YOU THIS MUCH YOUR MOTHER, RAMONDA -- I CAN GIVE YOU THE LOW-DOWN ON WHY SHE NEVER CONTACTED YOU
YOU'RE GOING TO PAY THROUGH THE NOSE FOR THE INFORMATION, BUT I WON'T LIE TO YOU--
GRR
-- YOU WON'T MUCH LIKE WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR.
I'VE TOLD YOU THAT UP FRONT SO DON'T TAKE IT OUT ON THE MESSENGER. I DON'T HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO HER.
NOW WHERE DO YOU CARRY MONEY IN AN OUTFIT LIKE THAT?

I DON'T SEE ANY POCKETS OR MONEY BELT
T'CHALLA BARELY HEARS THE SPIEL ABOUT MONEY.
HIS MIND REPEATS A DESPERATE ECHO OF "...WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO HER."
"...HAPPENED TO HER"
"...HER"
HE WANTS TO SHOUT "WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? IS SHE DEAD?" BUT HE IS JUST THE GREAT BLACK CAT TO THIS MAN WHO WOULD ONLY BE CONFUSED BY THE FIERCE WETNESS FILLING HIS EYES, THREATENING TEARS.
HAS HE LEARNED OF HIS MOTHER, ONLY TO ARRIVE TOO LATE? TO PAY MONEY TO LEARN SHE HAS DIED? HAS HE COME TO VIEW A DUSTY, BARREN, UNMARKED GRAVE? PLEASE, NO. HE BEGS FEARFULLY. DON'T LET IT END THAT WAY
IF SHE IS DEAD THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT WORDS TO SAY TO A MOTHER NEVER KNOWN
OR IF THERE WILL BE AN ASTANT MOMENT OF ALL BOND
NO LONGER A NEED TO FEAR WHAT QUESTIONS TO ASK OR WHAT HE IS THERE WON'T BE NO NEED TO DREAD A REUNION OF BITTERNESS AND HEARTACHES
HE CANNOT EVEN UNDERSTAND THIS DESPERATION OF WANTING HER WARMTH AND AFFIRMATION
"I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, SON, I AM PROUD OF YOU."
WOULD SHE BE PROUD?

COME ON! COME ON! SHOW ME THE MONEY AND LET'S GET THIS
WAIT.
TWICK
THERE IS A SLIGHT SOUND. HE GAUGES ITS DISTANCE. TWENTY/TWENTY-FIVE FEET
A TWIG SNAPPING UNDER A BOOTED FOOT
TWIK
HE SHOULD HAVE SENSED THEM SOONER, BUT THE STRONG ODOR OF BOURBON COMING FROM THE INFORMANT'S MOUTH, AND THE SWEAT WETTING THE MAN'S ARMPITS HAD DISTRACTED HIM.
GRRRRR
LET'S NOT MAKE EXCUSES, HE CONDEMNS HIMSELF.
IT WAS HIS PREOCCUPATION WITH IMAGINED SCENARIOS WITH HIS MOTHER THAT OVERRODE HIS ACUTE SENSES.
HE MUST BE AS THE GREAT BLACK CAT, UNENCUMBERED BY IDYLLIC OR MORBID FANTASIES
THUD
KRAAK
IF HE DOES NOT STAY THE GREAT CAT, HE WILL END AS THIS ANIMAL BLOODIED AND DEFENSELESS.
ZERO IN ON THE PREY!
ANOTHER SOUND AIR BEING SLICED!
WHIIT
TOO LATE!
THU
WHUCK

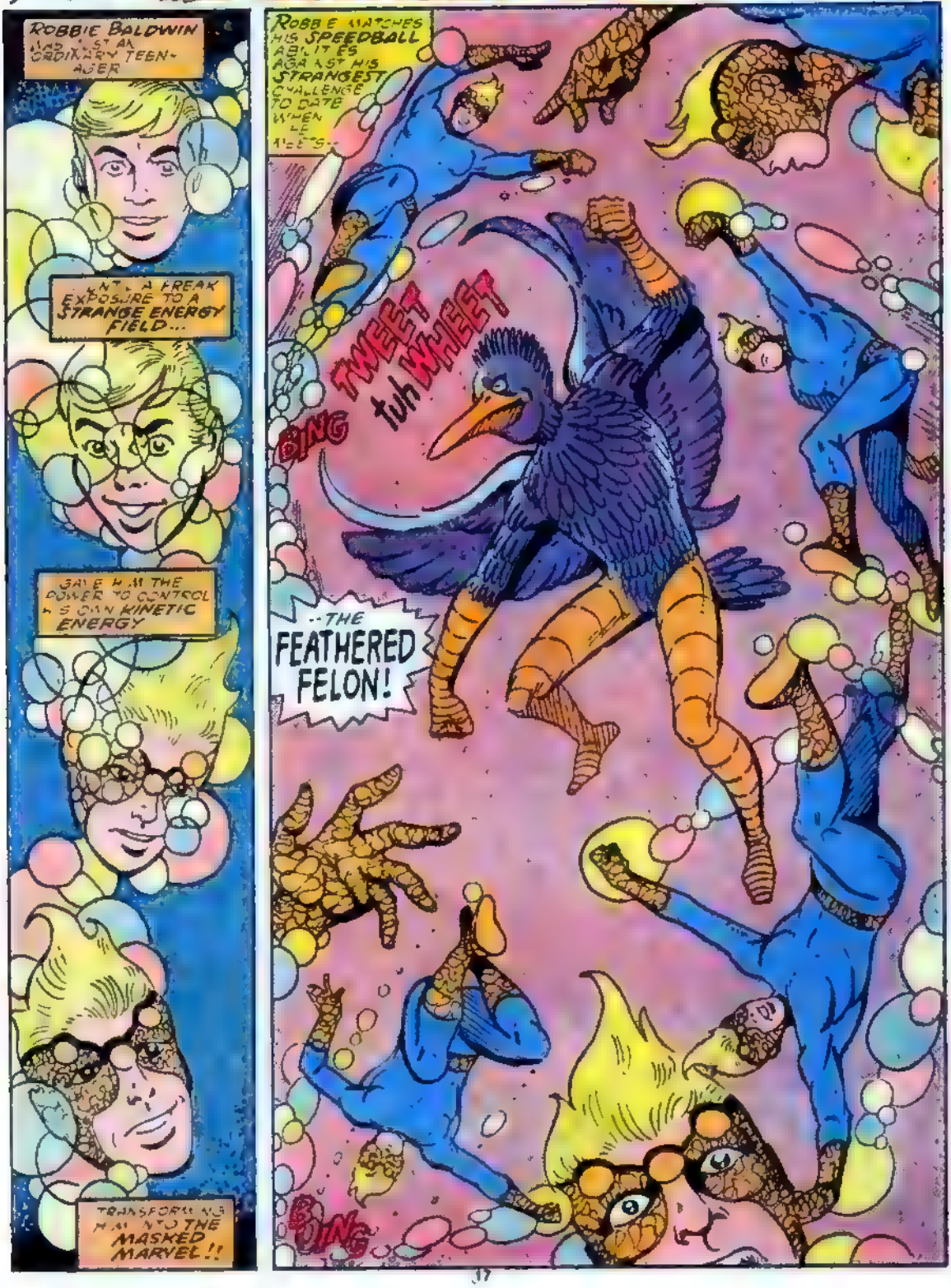

A FLURRY OF MOVEMENT. MORE THAN ONE FIGURE.
SMELL OF OILED WEAPONRY.
THREE SHORT RUNNING STEPS. NO TIME FOR MORE, AND THEN A LEAP.
GEE-SUSS! DON'T SHOOT HIM.
WHAT IS IT WITH YOU, STRIKE? YOU HAVE THE ATTENTION SPAN OF A CUMQUAT?
WHUCK!
YOU FORGET WHAT I TOLD YOU COMING INTO THIS MISSION? WE KEEP IT A PRIMITIVE ASSAULT UNLESS THAT IS RENDERED UNFEASIBLE.
THESE MEN ARE PROFESSIONALS. WE CAN TELL BY THE QUICK RESPONSES, THE FEEL OF MEN UNDER STRICT ATHLETIC REGIMEN.
ALL YOU MEN, LISTEN UP. I THOUGHT I HAD DRILLED IT INTO YOUR HEADS.
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DIRTY A KNIFE, FIND YOURSELF A NICE CLUB.
I DON'T WANT ANY BULLETS FOR THE POLICE TO PONDER OVER.
THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE A TRIBAL KILLING. LET THE BLAME GO ON SOME SCAPEGOAT BLACK FOR KILLING A WHITE MERCHANT.
LEAVES US FREE AND CLEAR.

GUESS I'D BETTER GET IN THERE BEFORE THESE SCREW-UPS GET THEIR TEETH KICKED IN
HOW MANY SECONDS HAVE PASSED? TWENTY?
IT'S TAKING TOO LONG HARD TO TELL HOW MANY OTHERS HE HAS TO FACE
BEHIND HIM, A FIGURE CLOSING IN FAST.
WHIRL ABOUT!
CAN'T!
FINGERS CLOSE LIKE A VISE, GOUGE HIS FLESH TO THE BONE
ARMS TOSS HIM EFFORTLESSLY, IMPRESSIONS OF TREE LIMBS AGAINST MOON SWIRLING SHADOWS--
--AND THEN INEXPLICABLE PAIN VIOLENT AND DEEP
WHO THE @!@# IS THIS GUY? HE ISN'T THE TARGET.
WRONG STRIKE, HE'S THE PRIME TARGET. HE'S THE ONE GOT EVERYBODY RUNNING AROUND LIKE CHICKENS
TOO MANY FORGOTTEN CORPSES, T'CHALLA'S THOUGHTS SCREAM.
TOO MANY BLACKS WHO RAISED THEIR VOICES IN PROTEST SILENCED WITH SANCTIONED MURDER, FORGOTTEN
THE GREAT CAT PANICS. DEATH IS VERY NEAR, AND THESE CALLOUS STRANGERS ARE CORRECT--
WITH THEIR HEADS CUT OFF
ONLY THE BOSS-MAN, HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE TARGET HE'S REALLY AFRAID OF IS IN THE COUNTRY NEVER MIND THIS TOWNSHIP.
IF NO ONE FINDS HIS BODY FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, HE'LL JUST BE ANOTHER CORPSE, ROTTING IN THE SUN.
--HE COULD WE'LL BE-- COME JUST ONE MORE FORGOTTEN CORPSE!

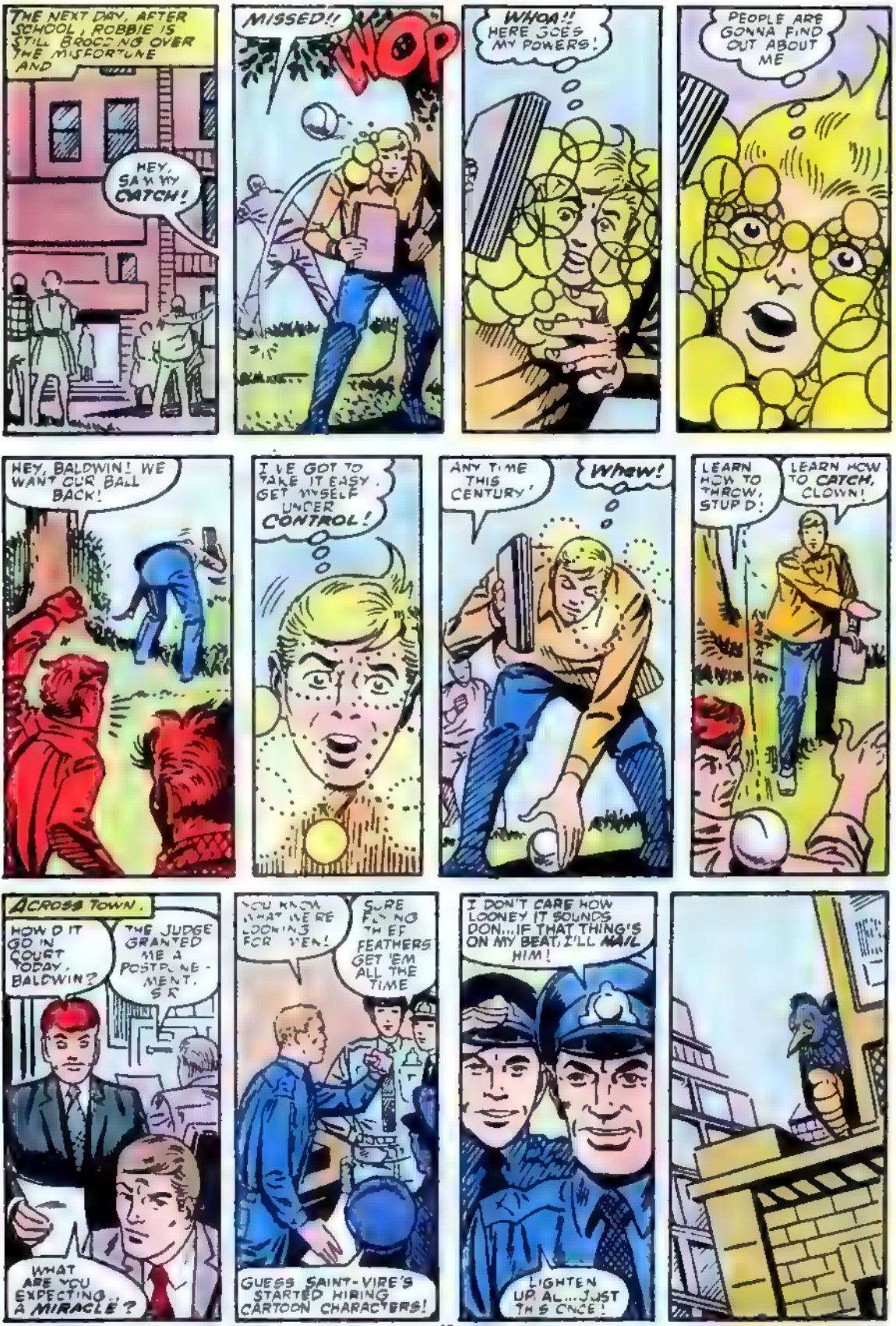


TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

# SPEEDBALL THE MASKED MARVEL IN THE FEATHERED FELON


ROBBIE BALDWIN WAS JUST AN ORDINARY TEEN-AGER
UNTIL A FREAK EXPOSURE TO A STRANGE ENERGY FIELD...
GAVE HIM THE POWER TO CONTROL HIS OWN KINETIC ENERGY
TRANSFORMING HIM INTO THE MASKED MARVEL!!
ROBBIE MATCHES HIS SPEEDBALL ABILITIES AGAINST HIS STRANGEST CHALLENGE TO DATE WHEN HE MEETS--
BING TWEET tuh WHEET
--THE FEATHERED FELON!
BOING

AN ORDINARY DAY IN SPRINGDALE, AS ASSISTANT D.S.T.O. ATTORNEY JUSTIN BALDWIN WAITS FOR HIS WIFE AND SON
BALDWIN, WHY ARE YOU TAKING THE SAINT-VIRE FILE HOME WITH YOU?
I MAKE PRELIMINARY MOTIONS BEFORE THE COURT TOMORROW, AND I WANT TO STUDY THE EVIDENCE ONE LAST TIME.
IT'S IMPORTANT WE GET A CONVICTION ON THIS ONE!
I KNOW THAT MR MANSEL, AND IN THESE DOCUMENTS I'M CERTAIN WE CAN!
I'M TAKING MADDY AND ROB OUT TO DINNER NOW BUT I'LL DROP THESE IN THE SAFE AT HOME ON MY WAY TO THE RESTURANT.
ROBBIE STOP DAWDLING! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS SO ANXIOUS WE SPEND SOME TIME TOGETHER AS A FAMILY
AND THEN YOU HAD TO WORK LATE AT THE LAB!
MOM LOOK! UP IN THE SKY--
--IT'S A BIRD!
YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS YOUNG MAN!
OOH LOOK!
BIRDIE WANT.
TWEET TWEET
YAAH!!
THE FILE! STOP!
POOWS
BIRDIE GOT!
WELL DONE BALDWIN! THERE WERE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS IN THOSE FILES-- AND NOW THANKS TO YOU.. THEY'RE GONE!!
I..I'M SORRY SIR!
SAINT-VIRE WILL PROBABLY GO FREE BECAUSE OF THIS, AND THE PRESS WILL HAVE A FIELD DAY AT OUR OFFICES EXPENSE!!
WE..WE'RE SORRY WE'RE LATE, DEAR
OH NO! DAD'S IN DUTCH WITH HIS BOSS AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!


THE NEXT DAY, AFTER SCHOOL, ROBBIE IS STILL BROODING OVER THE MISFORTUNE AND
HEY, SAMMY CATCH!
MISSED!!
WOP
WHOA!! HERE GOES MY POWERS!
PEOPLE ARE GONNA FIND OUT ABOUT ME
HEY, BALDWIN! WE WANT OUR BALL BACK!
I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT EASY. GET MYSELF UNDER CONTROL!
ANY TIME THIS CENTURY!
Whew!
LEARN HOW TO THROW, STUPID!
LEARN HOW TO CATCH, CLOWN!
ACROSS TOWN.
HOW DID IT GO IN COURT TODAY, BALDWIN?
THE JUDGE GRANTED ME A POSTPONEMENT, SIR
WHAT ARE YOU EXPECTING, A MIRACLE?
YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR, MEN!
SURE FLYNOTHEF FEATHERS GET 'EM ALL THE TIME
GUESS SAINT-VIRE'S STARTED HIRING CARTOON CHARACTERS!
I DON'T CARE HOW LOONEY IT SOUNDS DON... IF THAT THING'S ON MY BEAT, I'LL NAIL HIM!
LIGHTEN UP, AL... JUST THIS ONCE!

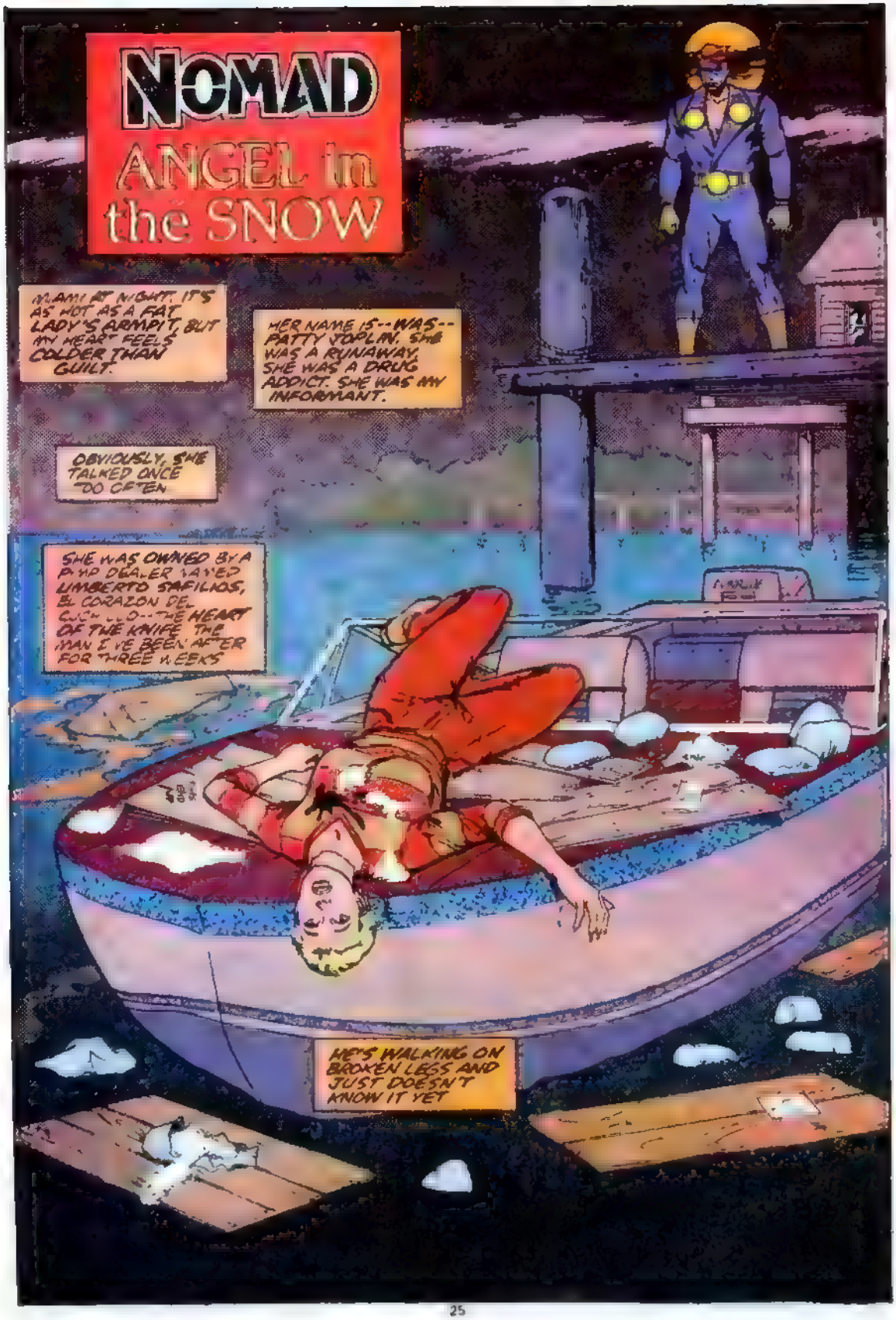
I FEEL SO BAD FOR MY DAD. THE D.A.'S STILL MAD AT HIM-- AND IF THAT CROOK SAINT VIRE GETS OFF AFTER ALL THE WORK THEIR OFFICE PUT IN
I CAN'T BLAME HIM!
I GUESS THE POLICE ARE AFTER THAT BIRD GUY NOW.
CHIRP
TWEET TWEET
HEY!
THERE HE GOES!
AND HERE I GO-- AFTER HIM!
BING
PLAY?
UH-OH.
LEGGO!
YOW! I'M OUT OF CONTROL!
BING
BOING
FUN.
POOM
BOING
KNOCK IT OFF, YOU WINGED MENACE!
BWANG

SPLAT?
PWANG
BOMBS AWAY!
BOUNCE.
FOOEY! BY THE TIME I GET MY MOMENTUM UNDER CONTROL, THAT CREEP'LL BE LONG GONE!
SOON
WELL JUST'N DEAR I UNDERSTAND THAT NO ONE ON YOUR ENTIRE POLICE FORCE HAS EVEN SEEN THE FEATHERED FELON!
WELL MADDY DEAR I UNDERSTAND THAT THAT VIGILANTE YOU ADMIRE SO MUCH CAUGHT HIM AND LET HIM ESCAPE!
THE MASKED MARVEL IS TRYING TO HELP THE POLICE!
THEN LET HIM UNMASK AND APPLY FOR A JOB ON THE FORCE!
OH NO! THEY'RE FIGHTING AGAIN OVER ME!
I KNOW I COULD HAVE NAILED THAT GUY IF ONLY I HADN'T RUSHED IN WITHOUT THINKING!
I STILL DON'T HAVE THESE POWERS OF MINE UNDER CONTROL!
WE THINK WE'VE GOT A FOOL-PROOF PLAN TO NAB THIS SWOOP THIEF, MR BALDWIN!
EXCELLENT.
MAKE SURE SOMEONE EXPLAINS IT TO THE BIRD SO HE DOESN'T LOSE THEM AND UP AGAIN
AH, I SEE! INGENIOUS! YOU'RE SENDING OUT DECOY TARGETS CARRYING TRANSMITTERS
RIGHT SIR! THERE'S BEEN A PATTERN SO FAR HE ONLY STRIKES IN THE SOUTHEAST PART OF TOWN.
ENOUGH TEMPTING BAIT, AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST!
WHAT ABOUT YOU KIDS STAYING OUT OF TROUBLE?
I NEVER DO ANYTHING OFFICER LAGUARDIA-- JUST BUGGIN ME!!
NO SIGN OF HIM SO FAR!
HERE BIRDIE BIRDIE COME OUT COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE!

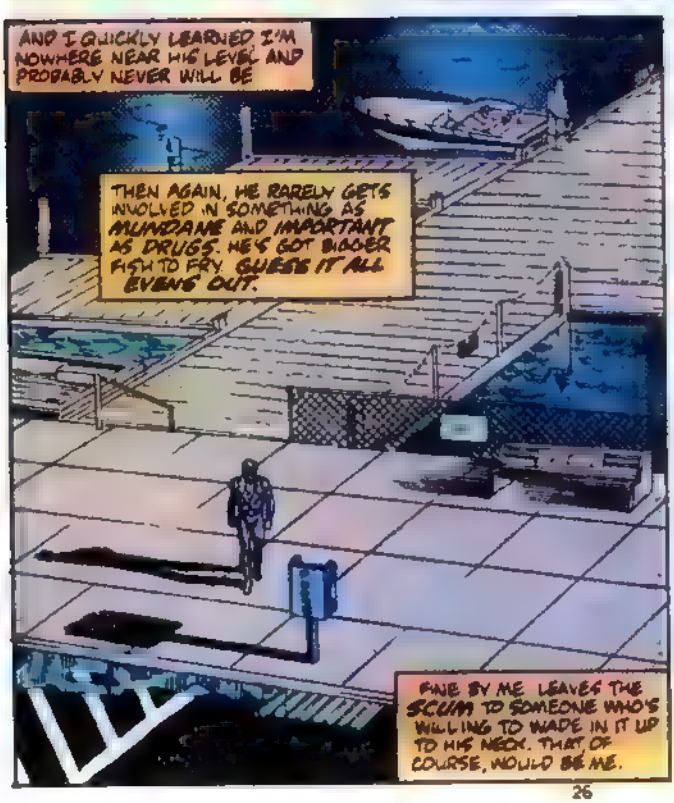
YEEK
BIRDIE GOT.
DID YOU GET HIM?
NEGATIVE CONTROL. HE ROBBED A CIVILIAN!
THERE WAS NO TRANS-MITTER IN THAT BAG!
BLAST THE LUCK!!
I TOLD YOU HE'D LOUSE UP YOUR NICE PLAN!
DIDN'T I, ROBBIE?
ROBBIE??
WHERE DID HE?
BIRDIE GOT! PRETTY!
FUN!
BONG
ONCE I SEE WHERE HE GOES, I CAN TELL THE POLICE!
HUHN??
WHERE'D HE GO? HE WAS FLYING RIGHT BY.
THIS WATER TOWER IS HOLLOW-- IT'S HIS HIDE OUT!
BING
BING
LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF!
FRIEND?
BOING

YOU'RE NOT WORKING FOR GANGSTERS AT ALL, ARE YOU??
SO HOW COME YOU--?
TICKLE?
HEY! KNOCK IT OFF! QUIT THROWING FEATHERS AT ME!
SNEEZE?
PLAY?!
KNOCK IT OFF, YOU FEATHERBRAIN! I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU!
LOOK! WE'RE BREAKING THINGS! DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT YOUR LOOT?!
BROING
PRETTY PRETTY!
THIS GUY'S NOT PLAYING WITH A FULL DECK!
I DON'T THINK HE HAS ANY IDEA OF WHAT HE'S DONE!
LOOK, UH BIRDIE, I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHY--
BIRDIE SEE --SWOOP-- BIRDIE TAKE!
FUN! FUN!
YOU WANT? YOU TAKE!
FUN! FUN!
BUT, UH LOOK, IT'S ILLEGAL TO JUST TAKE THINGS-- AND, RRESPONS!--
--OOP!!
KBLOING!
BYE-BYE!

WAIT!
HE'S GONE! RATS! I WANTED TO FIND OUT WHO HE WAS?
PWING
WREEEE
?
OH, WELL... AT LEAST I SEE AN EASY WAY OF GETTING THIS EVIDENCE BACK TO THE POLICE!
AND, WITHOUT BEING ASKED A LOT OF QUESTIONS I PROBABLY COULDN'T ANSWER!
LOOK! OVER THERE--A FEATHER!
LET'S CHECK IT OUT!
"IT MAY LEAD TO THAT BIRD-GUY'S HIDEOUT!"
SO MAYBE IT'S NOT AS CLASSY AS A SILVER BULLET! AT LEAST IT GOT THE JOB DONE!
LOOK WHAT'S COME HOME TO ROOST, MR BALDWIN!
GOOD! NOW WE CAN PUT SAINT-VIRE IN A CAGE!
AND YOU SEE, MADDY DEAR, WE DID IT WITHOUT ANY HEROICS-- JUST GOOD, SOLID POLICE WORK!
I NEVER SAID THE POLICE WEREN'T HEROES, JUSTIN
AND THAT LOONEY GUY IS STILL FREE AS A--
--?
WHERE THE HECK DID THIS COME FROM?!
TWEET TWEET
BYE-BYE!
THE END


NOMAD
ANGEL in the SNOW
MIAMI AT NIGHT. IT'S AS HOT AS A FAT LADY'S ARMPIT, BUT MY HEART FEELS COLDER THAN GUILT.
HER NAME IS--WAS--PATTY JOPLIN. SHE WAS A RUNAWAY. SHE WAS A DRUG ADDICT. SHE WAS MY INFORMANT.
OBVIOUSLY, SHE TALKED ONCE TOO OFTEN.
SHE WAS OWNED BY A PIMP DEALER NAMED UMBERTO SAFILIOS, EL CORAZON DEL CUCHILLO--THE HEART OF THE KNIFE. THE MAN I'VE BEEN AFTER FOR THREE WEEKS.
HE'S WALKING ON BROKEN LEGS AND JUST DOESN'T KNOW IT YET.

MY NAME IS JACK MONROE. THE SPANDEX NAME WOULD BE NOMAD.
I BORROWED IT FROM A FRIEND OF MINE NAMED CAPTAIN AMERICA.
THE REAL CAP, NOT THE ONE I PLAYED AROUND WITH BACK IN THE FIFTIES AS HIS PARTNER BUCKY.
IT'S A RIDICULOUSLY LONG STORY. IT INVOLVES A SUPER SOLDIER SERUM, A LITTLE TIME SPENT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION, AND THE REALIZATION THAT I WAS A POOR MAN'S COPY OF THE ORIGINAL VERSION.
SO I WORKED AT BEING AS GOOD AS THE BEST.


AND I QUICKLY LEARNED I'M NOWHERE NEAR HIS LEVEL AND PROBABLY NEVER WILL BE
THEN AGAIN, HE RARELY GETS INVOLVED IN SOMETHING AS MUNDANE AND UNIMPORTANT AS DRUGS. HE'S GOT BIGGER FISH TO FRY. GUESS IT ALL EVENS OUT.
FINE BY ME. LEAVES THE SCUM TO SOMEONE WHO'S WILLING TO WADE IN IT UP TO HIS NECK. THAT, OF COURSE, WOULD BE ME.

HELLO, I'D LIKE TO REPORT A MURDER.
AT THE TAMIAN CANAL PORT, PIER 6, BERTH H.
CAUCASIAN FEMALE. YEAH, I KNEW HER.
I ALSO KNOW WHO KILLED HER. YOU WILL TOO IN ABOUT FOUR HOURS. BYE!
JUST SAY NO

SAFILIOS WILL BE ANCHORED OFFSHORE. IF THE WORD AROUND S ACCURATE, THERE'S A BUY GOING DOWN TONIGHT.
AND I'M GOING TO BE ON H M L KE STINK ON A WET DOG.
HE IS COMING NOW.
I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO BE VERY HAPPY WITH YOU GENTLEMEN.
HELLO BOYS. I UNDERSTAND YOU DON' HAVE VERY GOOD NEWS FOR ME.
THAT DOES NO MAKE ME VERY HAPPY, NO?
UM... MASTER SAFILIOS, PLEASE UNDERSTAND--
--WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE, WHAT WITH PANAMA RIGHT NOW. YOU UNDERSTAND--
-- IT'LL ONLY BE A FEW WEEKS
NEVER TELL ME WHAT IT WILL "ONLY" BE AGAIN...
NEVER.
BARRAAKK
BARRAAKK
AAGH!
EEYUH!

JOU TAKE JOUR FRENDS TO JOUR BOSS AND JOU TELL HEEM THAT EL CORAZON DEL CUCHILLO FINDS THREE WEEKS AN ACCEPTABLE EXTENSION..
.BUT HE EES NO VERY HAPPY ABOUT IT OKAY?
O-O--OKAY--
THAT S GOOD SAFILIOS-- SHARKS EAT SHARKS AND LET THE LITTLE FISH SWIM AROUND FREE
BUT DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON THE LITTLE FISH, YOU DIRTY KILLER-- YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN THAT LITTLE FISH MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE A PIRANHA.
NOW'S THE TIME--WHEN HE'S FAT AND LAZY FROM PIGGING OUT ON VICTORY
NOW S THE TIME TO MASSAGE HIS FACE WITH MY FISTS.
TONIGHT HE GOES DOWN NOTHING AND NO ONE IS GOING TO SAVE HIM TON SHT
VRUM-VRUM-VROUUUMM

TAKING OFF LIKE THEY GOT A FOUR SECOND FUSE UP THEIR BUTTS AND NEED FIVE SECONDS TO PUT IT OUT.
KNOWING WHAT'S COMING UP, I CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM
I LEARNED A LOT FROM WORKING WITH CAP.
HE'S TAUGHT ME HOW TO BE A PERFECT FIGHTING MACHINE--THE STRADIVARIUS OF PAIN-MAKERS.
IT'S A SHAME HE ALSO TRIED TO TEACH ME TO HOLD THAT BACK. AS IF I WOULD WANT TO.
AS IF THEY WOULD FOR ME. FIRE WITH FIRE--THAT'S THE ANSWER.
SAFILIOS! YOU'RE MINE!!
PRTTTT
TOK!
OW!
NOMAD? YOU SWAM ALL THE WAY OVER?
YOU CALL ME NEXT TIME, I SEND MY HELEECOPTER, OKAY?

SEND A HEARSE FOR YOUR CORPSE, PIG.
PRTTTTT
THOK! THOK! THOK! THOK! THOK! THOK!
SCUTT
YOU KILLED PATTY!
JES? NOOO!
I DEED NO SUCH THEENG, NOMAD, MY FRIEND.
JOU KNOW, THOUGH, I CAN NO SAY I AM VERY SURPRISED, EH?
PATTY WAS A SWEET GIRL--AND IN A BATHING SUIT, AYA, MADRE DE DIOS--BUT SHE TALK AN' TALK AN' TALK. EES NO GOOD TO TALK TOO MUCH, JOU AGREE, NOMAD?
KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM, YOU ANIMAL!
ANIMAL?
JOU SPEAK ILL OF ME, NOMAD. I DON' LIKE THAT.
JOU WAN' I SHOULD TALK ABOUT JOU LIKE THAT? NO, EH? WANT A CIGARETTE? ROLLED AND BROUGHT IN JUS' FOR ME FROM CUBA.

NOW, ABOUT FATTY. SHE HEARD SOME THEENGS, MAYBE SHE SHOULD NO' LEESEN, EH?
AMERICAN D.E.A. BOYS AND A CERTAIN GOVERNMENT OFFEECIAL FROM CENTRAL AMERICA--PLEASE, NO NAMES, EH? IT WAS VERY MESSY.
AND WHAT DID YOU HAVE TO DO WITH IT?
WHY DID YOU HAVE HER KILLED?
NOMAD, EH? THE SUIT COS' MORE THAN JOU SEE IN TWO MONTHS, OKAY?
I JUS' DOIN' WHAT JOU COUNTRY ASKS ME TO DO, UNDERSTAND?
I AM--HOW WOULD JOU SAY--DOING MY BEET FOR TIO SAM.
YOUR FACE IS PUDDING...
NOMAD--THIS IS THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD--YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY--
JOU DON' LEESTEN TO ME, EH?
RELEASE THAT MAN AND DESIST IN YOUR UNLAWFUL ACTIONS IMMEDIATELY!!
MAYBE I GET A DATE WEETH NANCY REAGAN NEXT!

HOW ARE JOU TONIGHT, JOEY?
JOSEPH KITTLE, DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY. YOU'D BEST LEAVE WITH US, NOMAD--
WAIT A MIN--
--BEFORE I AM FORCED TO ARREST YOU.
US COAST GUARD
HOW CAN YOU LET HIM GET AWAY WITH MURDER?!

THE END...FOR NOW.

BLACK PANTHER
NOMAD
SPEEDBALL
THE MASKED MARVEL